

The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1908.

DIVORCE LAWS.

Bishop Scarborough, of the Diocese of New Jersey, has refused to approve the call to a church within his jurisdiction of an Episcopal clergyman who was married to the divorced wife of another Episcopal clergyman. The ruling of the Bishop has made something of a sensation, and in speaking of the reported admission of Bishop Parot that it was not against the law of the church to marry the innocent party of a divorce suit, the Bishop said:

"I fall to see how there can be any innocent party to a divorce. The divorce question is the most grievous that the church has to deal with. It is too bad when it reaches even into the ranks of the clergy."

"The law against divorce is the law of God, and there can be no getting away from that. I would not take a man who had married a divorced woman into the diocese under any consideration. I am emphatically opposed to divorces, no matter what the pretext for such action."

In the same connection it is announced that the Presbyterian Synod of Ohio has adopted resolutions declaring that "all our ministers are hereby enjoined to refuse to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of divorced persons, except such persons as have been divorced upon grounds and for causes recognized as Scriptural in the standards of our church."

The churches of the land are more and more setting their faces against divorce, and it is to be hoped that sentiment in favor of more rigid laws against it is growing. One of the great needs of the United States is uniformity of divorce laws in the several States. We do not believe it practicable, if desirable, to have a national law on this subject. Such an encroachment upon State sovereignty will never be tolerated in this generation, and the diversity of divorce laws in the States shows that there is great diversity of sentiment on this subject. From a statement recently published it is shown that in twenty States and Territories willful desertion for the short term of one year is a sufficient cause for the dissolution of the marriage bond. Desertion for two years suffices in twelve States and Territories and also in the District of Columbia. A desertion for three years constitutes an adequate cause in thirteen other States and Territories, including Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine and New Hampshire. A failure during one year on the part of the husband to support his wife is ground for a divorce in seven States. A lack of support is a sufficient cause, but no time is specified, in nine other States, including Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont and Rhode Island. If the parties to a marriage voluntarily live apart for five years, a divorce will be granted on the demand of either party in Kentucky or Wisconsin. The joining of any religious sect that believes marriage unlawful is a legal cause for divorce in Kentucky and New Hampshire. Habitual drunkenness is a ground for divorce in all the States and Territories except twelve.

The New York law is the same as that of the Episcopal Church, and the South Carolina law the same as that of the Roman Catholic Church. In South Carolina divorces cannot be obtained upon any plea. This shows, as we have said, great diversity of sentiment, but it shows also the great need of uniformity. It is a national question of supreme importance. The family lies at the basis of all decent society and good government, and the sanctity of the family depends upon the sanctity of the marriage tie. Men and women who are joined together in matrimony should be made to understand that the contract is for life.

But after all public sentiment must determine the matter. Public sentiment must make and enforce the divorce laws, and the churches are doing well to create among their members a healthy sentiment in the interest of the sanctity of wedlock and the indissolubility of the tie.

YORKTOWN—1781-1903.

To-morrow will be the 19th of October. Long since it was celebrated throughout the country with every evidence of patriotic feeling, and the colors of France and the United States were always twined in token of fraternity. Now the day usually passes unnoticed, and its thrilling story goes untold. That may be pardoned elsewhere, but would hardly be in Virginia. History was made there; a nation was set upon its feet there. That date and that place we should never overlook.

Recognition of the independence of the colonies did not come until nearly two years afterwards, but the mighty significance of Washington's victory was

well understood from the beginning. But it was the naval engagement off the Virginia Capes some weeks before the surrender that opened the way for the triumph of American arms. Had Admiral Graves not been beaten by De Grasse and compelled to return north, he might have picked up Cornwallis' army and transported it to a place of safety. As it was, that noble lord was caught like a rat in a trap. No retreat from Yorktown was found possible, and equally futile were the sorties that he made. And so, on the 18th of October articles of capitulation were signed, and on the 19th the British and Hessians laid down their arms.

Thus Yorktown became famous. It was an old settlement in 1781, though not a very populous one. It is not so aged as Jamestown, but it is a "town," whereas Jamestown long ago ceased to be one, and is now only a plantation.

Yorktown has withstood two sieges and two bombardments. Virginians turned their own guns on their own houses in 1781. In 1862 McClellan poured upon the place his shot and shell from ship and shore. He was making things very peppy there for Magruder's gallant little army when a part of Joe Johnston's command marched in from Manassas. They enabled the Confederate forces to withdraw in good order. Then came the battle of Williamsburg, and next the battle of Seven Pines, and the greatest war of modern times was on.

Yorktown is in the enjoyment of a serene and dignified old age. It is in a great fish and oyster country, and its people live well. It has the appearance of calmness and content. Steamboats land at its wharf, but no locomotive jars the nerves of the community. At the time of the Yorktown centennial celebration, October, 1881, when the beautiful monument erected by the national government was dedicated, a branch road was run down there from the near-by tracks of the Peninsula division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, but, later on, it was taken up. However, the town is but a few miles from the railway station, and steamers land there every day. Many tourists find their way there and view with delight the superb Yorktown monument and the Nelson house and the place of surrender and the Temple house, in which the articles of capitulation were signed.

The story of Governor Nelson urging the Americans to fire upon his costly dwelling, then occupied by Cornwallis, is true, and so is that relating to the great pecuniary sacrifices the Governor made to arm and equip the Virginia militia for service at Yorktown. Another story, by no means so pleasant, is that neither the State nor the national government compensated him, as they should have done, after he had thus impoverished himself.

Without the aid of the French fleet and the French troops, it is difficult to see how Washington could have trapped Cornwallis. Whether the French did what they did in coming to America for love of liberty or hatred of England is another question, but the names of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse always should be linked together when one refers to the makers of victory at Yorktown.

En route from the Hudson to Yorktown Washington stopped at Mount Vernon; returning, he stayed in Richmond a short time, and we are not sure he was in Richmond at any other time during the war.

ABOUT STANDARDS.

Several years ago there was a lively discussion in the political world on the subject of the monetary standard. Some claimed that there should be a single standard represented by gold, while others claimed that there should be a double standard, represented by gold and silver. Each side had its champions, and while in the election that followed the advocates of the single standard won, many of the advocates of the double standard held to their opinion, and some of them are of the opinion still—that there can be and should be a double standard in our financial system.

That question, however, is not now a live issue, and we have no intention of discussing it. But whatever may be the differences of opinion on that subject, there can be no such thing as a double standard in morals. There cannot be one standard for politics and another for business; one standard for "high society," and another for the "common people." Nor can there be one standard for men and another for women.

"That which is morally wrong cannot be politically right," was the famous saying of Rev. Dr. Hoge, and all is summed up in that saying. That which is morally wrong in business is morally wrong in politics; that which is morally wrong in society is morally wrong in business; that which is morally wrong among the "plain people" is morally wrong in high society; that which is morally wrong in women is morally wrong in men.

There cannot be two standards. No man can serve two masters.

THE BOLL WEEVIL.

The weevil is now very much in the public eye. The weevil is a snout beetle and is a plant feeder. It lives in nuts, grains, the stems of plants, rolled-up leaves or fruit. There are many varieties of weevil, but wherever they are found and in whatever form, they are pests.

The most dangerous of the tribe is the boll weevil, which is now infesting Texas and some of the neighboring States. The boll weevil feeds on cotton boll and has done serious damage to the cotton crop of Texas this year. Indeed, it is said that the damage amounts to fully \$30,000,000. The invader came originally from Mexico, and nothing was heard of it in the United States until the southern counties of Texas began to raise cotton; then it came across the Rio Grande and was first noticed in Bee county, in 1894. Since then, says a writer in Collier's Weekly, the weevil has traveled at the rate of seventy-five miles to the northward and twenty-five miles to the eastward every year. As the female lays from three hundred to seven hundred eggs a year, some idea

may be gained as to how rapidly the tribe propagates itself. The weevil develops with the cotton boll itself and blights it so that it does not open. For the most part, the pest is confined to Texas, but it has now made its appearance in Louisiana, Georgia and Arkansas, and while it is contended that the weevil cannot live in the three States last mentioned, planters are nevertheless in fear and dread.

The question which is now agitating the planters of Texas and the Agricultural Department in Washington is how to exterminate the weevil. Insecticide does no good, and it is an expensive operation to go over the field and exterminate the young by hand. Five hundred delegates recently assembled in the city of Dallas to consider the question, and it is said that it will come up in Congress. The Texas planters are thoroughly aroused, as well they may be, and it is to be hoped that the planters will soon discover a method of making successful war against the tribe.

THE CAR CASE.

It is fortunate that the appeal case from the Virginia Corporation Commission to the Supreme Court of this State is to be argued by counsel of exceptional ability, for it is a matter of great importance both to the railroad companies and to the public.

It involves the question of car service and demurrage, and the court is asked to decide whether the rules prescribed by the commission are reasonable, and whether they apply to interstate commerce as well as to intra-State commerce. The railroad companies' contention, as we understand it, is that interstate traffic is not subject to regulation by any State Commission.

One of the rules of the Virginia Commission compels railroad companies to furnish cars to shippers, when duly notified to do so, within a prescribed time. When in default, they must pay for the delay. On the other hand, the consignee when notified to come forward and unload a car, must do so within a stated time or pay demurrage—a practice which now obtains quite generally.

There are other questions of moment involved in this appeal, but the foregoing are of the deepest concern to shippers.

In the matter of the assessment of railroad companies' franchises, it is understood that the work of the Corporation Commission will result in a very gratifying addition to the net revenue of the State.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

All Richmond is interested in the proposal of Mr. Chipman to clear the water of the James by the use of electricity. If he can do it, and give us for the sum named an abundant supply of clear water, free from all impurities, it will be a bargain. But there are several big ifs in the way.

In another column we print a communication from Dr. Otto Meyer, chemist, in which several interesting and vital questions are put to Mr. Chipman, and they must be satisfactorily answered before any deal with him is closed.

A SANCTIFYING GOD.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
"He will subdue our iniquities," Micah 7: 19.

The language is expressive of joyful confidence. But the allusion is military, and well accords with the experience of every partaker of divine grace who finds the spiritual life a warfare. The adversaries to be subdued are their "iniquities." They have enemies without, but their worst enemies are within. Even the world and the devil could do them little hurt without the assistance of these treacherous inmates. In this sense a man's foes are they of his own house. But are not their iniquities enemies to others, as well as to Christians? They are, and will be found so in the end; but at present others are deluded by them and take pleasure in them. Whereas Christians have been awakened and enlightened to see their condition while left captive by them, and have been led to throw off their yoke and to declare war against them—a war that must end in our victory or destruction.

But are they not already delivered from these enemies? Does not the apostle thank God that they are "made free from sin, and become the servants of righteousness?" They are made free from their tyranny. No longer reigns in their mortal body, that they should obey it in the lusts thereof. Yet it lives and resists, and often alarms them into a dread of being again overcome. "Mine iniquities prevail against me." But the apprehension is groundless. Sin shall not have dominion over them, for they are not under the law, but under grace. The Lord is on their side. Their friend, their helper, their conqueror, is divine. "He shall subdue our iniquities." Who is the agent? "Not by might, or by power, but by My Spirit," saith the Lord. Here is the only real Sanctifier; and, therefore, we read that "through the Spirit we mortify the deeds of the body;" that "we have purified our souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit;" that "we live in the Spirit" and "walk in the Spirit." What are the means? The principal instrumentality is faith. Some imagine that faith is rather opposed to holiness; but there is no true holiness without it. Abraham, who believed God, is distinguished pre-eminently for obedience, and he who has the faith of Paul will never want the works of James. Faith in the blood of Jesus, faith in the promise of God—that which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—faith alone enables us to stand in the evil day. This faith purifies the heart. The "sanctified," says the Saviour, "by faith that is in Me." All the ordinances of religion are called means of grace, because in the use of them we receive "the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Under the blessing of God, the dispensations of providence conduce to the same end. Afflictions, which are the effects of sin, are made "the fruit to take away sin." Creature comforts are often to the soul what suckers are to the tree, and the Heavenly Husbandman prunes us to secure the sap for the bearing. We are tried that we may come forth from the furnace as gold, losers indeed, but gain-

ers by the loss—deprived only of what injured our excellence and rendered more valuable and useful.

But in what manner is the work accomplished? The Lord could at once execute the blessed deliverance; but as the Canaanites were driven out by little and little, so he gradually subdues our iniquities. Hence we read of "the inward man being renewed day by day," and of our being changed into the same image, from glory to glory, "as by the Spirit of the Lord." We must, therefore, distinguish between the commencement and the finishing of this glorious renovation. It will not be completed till death, but it is now begun; and the very complaints of the believer of proofs that he is not what he once was, but approves things that are excellent, and delights in the law of God, and feels his remaining corruptions to be his burden and grief, Simon Brown, formerly a minister of the gospel in London, was so enervated and depressed as to believe that his soul was annihilated, and that he had no more soul than a horse. Yet he continued praying and preaching and publishing, as if he had two souls, instead of having none, his reasonings abundantly disproving all their conclusions. "Thus we have met with Christians who imagined that they had no grace, while they lived so conscientiously and consistently, mourned for sin so deeply, prized the Scriptures so highly and loved the Lord Jesus so fervently that they seemed to every one but themselves to have a double portion of the Spirit. When a man is nailed to the cross, he may linger on for a while, but his doom is fixed, and 'our old man is crucified.' A tree, after it is plucked up by the roots, has some sap left in it, and will even throw out shoots; but we know that in such a case it cannot revive; the radical, essential support is cut off; it must wither and die. Let us thank God and take courage. The conflict may be protracted and we may be sometimes ready to faint; but there is nothing doubtful in the issue, and the result is not more glorious than sure.

According to Dun, compared with the corresponding date last year, the cost of living, based on wholesale prices and giving each article its position of relative importance, has declined slightly over three per cent., and from the top point of recent years, May 1, 1902, the level of quotations has dropped about five per cent. During the month of September the net decline in quotations of the many food stuffs included in this compilation was about one and a half per cent. The chief fall occurred in breadstuffs, wheat cheapening about three cents a bushel and corn six cents, while oats rose about two cents.

One Dr. W. P. Kirkfield, who has been lecturing in Chicago, holds that the great crimes of which negroes are accused, are mostly due to the convict camp system, which prevails in several of the Southern States. He says no attempts are made to reform the men who are sent to these camps, and alleges that 1,100 such convicts have escaped and that most of them are at large at this very time.

The Doctor's observations do not apply to Virginia. The system he condemns is not in vogue in this State, and we hope may never be.

In discussing the verdict in the Tillman case we said that the plea which Tillman made was also made in the case of Conductor Goodman, who killed H. C. Parsons, at Clifton Forge, and that it was not entertained by the jury. Our reference was to the trial at Covington. In his second trial at Charlottesville, Mr. Goodman was acquitted.

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It will not do to put off the Virginia "old home day" or week until the Jamestown fete. Next year is the time for the first one.

As a harmony candidate, what's the matter with the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson. He has teamed with both Cleveland and Bryan.

Virginia is full of girls who can handle a rolling pin as deftly as they can a hat pin.

They are all that way. The prettiest part of the Horse Show was not in the "tan-bark parquette."

We have heard it said that no gallows timber grows in South Carolina. It would seem so.

Norfolk politics and politicians are always interesting, mightily so just at the present time.

Old Jupiter Pluvius, with his sprinkling pot was mighty kind to the Horse Show. He held up as long as he could.

We stick to it: The pretty Horse Show weather was not Indian summer. That is a blessing yet to be enjoyed.

A milk famine on account of high water is one of the paradoxes New York has been experiencing.

Anyhow, the speakers did not forget to mention General Sherman's name at the unveiling in Washington.

Wouldn't it be funny if that army from Chicago should succeed in regenerating New York; from Chicago, mind you?

"The Commoner" has been sold at auction and brought \$15.00, which Commoner is a horse, not a paper.

"Zillah" Dowle did not depend on the ravens on his march from Chicago to New York. He took along the barrel.

Events of the Week

Under Brief Review.

Everybody in Richmond, as well as a good portion of the other part of Virginia, has talked little else during the past week about a pulling off of a good Horse Show but Horse Show. The third effort of Richmond was an experiment with our North Carolina friends, this reunion on the sacred soil of the "scattered natives" of the State, and the result was far in advance of the expectations of the most sanguine among those who managed the affair. Why should there not be a horse show in Virginia? North Carolina borrowed the idea from New England. Let us appropriate it from North Carolina. It will come nearer to beating a horse show than anything we can get up.

The decree comes out that there is very little if any hope of any new financial legislation at the forthcoming session of Congress. Mr. Allison, speaking for the majority in the Senate, during the past week, assured the country that there will be no new money authorized by consequence, and Mr. Cannon, speaking for the party in the House, says it is too much divided to do anything but to undertake anything in that line at present, particularly so near a presidential election. Currency reform will wait a while longer. So that for all this summer conferring of Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee, of talk of an October Congress session to forward the matter.

If, as asserted by one of the vice-presidents of the American Federation of Labor, the labor unions of the country have \$200,000,000 of unclaimed funds on deposit in the banks, and if, as threatened, these deposits should be withdrawn and locked up in safe-deposit vaults by way of response to the damage suits being brought against the unions here and there, it would be a serious matter. The taking of such a sum of money out of circulation would cause a most disastrous contraction. The Springfield Republican, after some little investigation, says: "It is absurd to suppose that the unions have any such sum on deposit. The claim is that there are 3,000,000 members in the labor unions of the country, and this would mean that \$100 per man had been accumulated in union funds and is unspent—this after a period of protracted and costly strikes drawing heavily upon the funds. In the next place, concerted action for the withdrawal of such a sum of money from circulation is not likely to take place in any event."

The complete official reports of our exports of domestic products for the month of September have just been made public. They show that such exports were over ten millions less than in September, 1902. The total was \$59,339,887. This was caused chiefly by the short supply of cotton. The exports of raw cotton in September of last year were less than in September of 1902 by the large sum of \$8,893,415. There was also a falling off of \$4,670,881 in exports of breadstuffs. In the first place, we find an increase of \$1,561,059 in exports of mineral oils and \$1,122,641 in cattle and hogs. For the month of September of last year the total of our exports of domestic products is \$53,515,635, which is an increase of \$1,470,244 over last year. The exports of raw cotton for that period amounted to \$17,646,628, an increase of \$1,710,618, which makes a very good showing for this staple, in spite of the recent shortage.

An order has just been issued at the Postoffice Department in Washington that hereafter all increases in allowances for substitutions of postoffices in the principal cities will be based entirely on the registry and money order business of such substitutions, instead of on the receipts from the sale of stamps, as heretofore. This action has been taken because it has been discovered at the department that the superintendents of substitutions in many of the principal cities of the country have been in the habit of increasing their receipts from the sale of stamps and consequently the allowances for their substitutions. By the new method, their practice has been to pay their grocery bills, drug bills and household accounts in stamps, placing the equivalent of money in the stamp drawer of the substitution.

Mr. John D. Long, ex-Secretary of the Navy, seems to have written himself into a little trouble. Last week, in an interview with a Boston Herald reporter, who called on the gentleman at his home in Hingham, Mass., he denied that his recent article in the Outlook, which has caused such a sensation in administrative circles at Washington, was in any respect of comment all over the country, can justly be construed as a criticism of the conduct of Theodore Roosevelt. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Long refused to discuss the matter at any length, saying that it was of little consequence, and that he was not much interested in it. He would only lead to further misunderstanding and endless controversy. He was diplomatically evasive in his answer to all questions, and finally gave the reporter this statement, which he thought was a sufficiently plain explanation of all the questions involved:

"I notice that only a part of the magazine article is quoted in the Herald. With reference to the subject of the Navy, I was then not President, but Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and a very efficient one, as I have shown in the article. With his usual force, he was eager to leave nothing undone that he thought necessary to insure our thorough preparation for war and to meet the imminent exigencies of the case.

"It was a mighty pressing time. The war was inevitable, and it was almost on us. The Spanish fleet, with its then dreaded torpedo boats, was on its way to Cuba. Although war had not then been formally declared, a number of the leading naval officers thought we ought, in self-defense, to meet this fleet and dispose of it. The President and the naval department, however, were of opinion that no such action was in order till a formal declaration of war had occurred."

It is really hard to keep a complete record of the downfall of corrupt city and town officials. There seems to be a disposition on the part of the suffering taxpayers all over the country to punish evil-doers of this class, and the word has apparently gone all down the line: "Let no guilty man escape." The Mayor of Mattoon, a small city in Central Illinois, has just been removed from office by legal process on proof that he is a "graffer."

Canon Alderson and a band of antiquarians, in examining the manuscripts and records in the Cathedral Library of Peterborough have discovered a small volume of the twelfth century containing various ancient characters, and endorsed by Bishop Kennet, as having been bought by him in 1711. The original charter of Edward the Confessor to the Abbot of Bury, dated 1002, is among the charters.

S. W.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 7.

Adam Lindsay Gordon.

How we Beat the Favorite. A Lay of the Loamshire Hunt Cup.

Adam Lindsay Gordon was born in the Azores, in 1833. He developed a wild and adventurous spirit after leaving college at the age of twenty he went to South Australia. There he served in the mounted police and afterwards followed various occupations, but without success. In 1867 he was located in Melbourne, where he was considered "the best amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies." His ballads of bush and turf make him the most striking figure among the Australian poets. He died by his own hand in 1870, his health having been undermined by exposure and disappointment.

"YE, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at events; The race if all over, bar shouting, they say; The Clown ought to beat her; Dick Neville is sweeter Than ever—he swears he can win all way."

"A gentleman rider—well, I'm an outsider, But if he's a gent who the mischief's a jock? You swells mostly blunder, Dick rides for the plunder, He rides, too, like thunder—he sits like a rock."

"He calls 'hunted fairly' a horse that has barely Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds, A horse that at Warwick beat Birdline and Yorick, And gave Abdelkader at Aintree nine pounds."

"They say we have no test to warrant a protest; Dick rides for a lord and stands in with a steward; The light of their faces they show him—his case is Prejudged and his verdict already secured."

"But none can outlast her, and few travel faster, She strides in her work clean away from The Drag; You hold her and sit her, she couldn't be fitter, Whenever you hit her she'll spring like a stag."

"And p'raps the green jacket, at odds though they back it, May fall, or there's no knowing what may turn up. The mare is quite ready, sit still and ride steady, Keep cool; and I think you may win just the cup."

Some parting injunction, bestowed with great unction, I tried to recall, but forgot like a dunce, When Reginald Murray, full tilt on White Surrey, Came down in a hurry to start us at once.

Dark-blood with tan muzzle, just stripped for the tussle, Stood leant, arching her neck to the curb, A lean head and fiery, strong quarters and wiry, A loin rather light, but a shoulder superb.

"Keep back in the yellow! Come up on Othello! Hold Hard on the Chestnut! Turn round on The Drag! Keep back there on Spartan! Back you, sir, in tartan! So, steady there, easy," and down went the flag.

We started, and Kerr made strong running on Mermaid, Through furrows that led to the first stake-and-bound, The crack, half extended, looked bloodlike and splendid, Held wide on the right where the headland was sound.

I pulled hard to baffle her rush with the snaffle, Before her two-thirds of the fields got away, All through the wet pasture where floods of the last year Still loitered, they clotted my crimson with clay.

The fourth fence, a wattle, floored Monk and Blue-bottle; The Drag came to grief at the blackthorn and ditch, The rails toppled over Redoubt and Red Rover, The lane stopped Lycurgus and Leicestershire Witch.

She passed like an arrow Kildare and Cock Sparrow, And Mantrap and Mermaid refused the stone wall; And Giles on The Greyling came down at the paling, And I was left sailing in front of them all.

I took them a buster, nor eased her nor nursed her, Until the Black Bullfinch led into the plough, And through the strong bramble we bored with a scramble—My cap was knocked off by the hazel-tree bough.

Where furrows looked lighter I drew the rein tighter; Her dark chest all dappled with flakes of white foam, Her flanks mud-beattered, a week rail she shattered: We landed on turf our heads turned for home.

Then crashed a low binder, and then close behind her The sword to the strokes of the favorite shook; His rush roused her mettle, yet ever so little She shortened her stride as we raced at the brook.

She rose when I hit her. I saw the stream glitter, A wide scarlet nostril flashed close to my knee, Between sky and water The Clown came and caught her—The space that he cleared was a caution to see.

And forcing the running, discarding all cunning, A length to the front went the rider in green; A long strip of stubble, and then the big double. Two stiff flights of rails with a quickset between.

She raced at the rasper, I felt my knees grasp her, I found my hands give to her strain on the bit, She rose when The Clown did—our silks as we bounded Bruised lightly, our stirrups clashed loud as we lit.

A rise steeply sloping, a fence with stone coping—The last—we diverged round the base of the hill; His path was the nearer, his leap was the clearer, I logged up the straight, and he led sitting still.

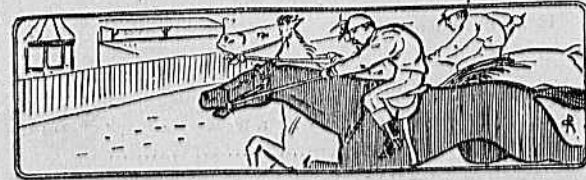
She came to his quarter, and on still I brought her, And up to his girth, to his breast-plate she drew; A short praver from Neville just reached me—"The Devil," He muttered,—locked level the hurdles we flew.

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering, All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard; "The green wins;" "The crimson;" The multitude swims on, And figures are blended and features are blurred.

"The horse is her master;" "The green forces past her;" "The Clown will outlast her;" "The Clown wins;" "The Clown;" The white railing races with all the white faces, The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway, Still struggles, "The Clown by a short neck at most," He swerves, the green scours, the stand rocks and surges, And flashes and verges, and flits the white post.

Ay, so ends the tussle,—I knew the tan muzzle, Was first, though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat;" A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by, A short head." And that's how the favorite was beat.



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